



The Two "Cyrano de Bergerac" Productions and How They Compare with Each Other.

NOW that it is all over, and the sentiment of our "Cyrano" enthusiasm has settled, I can't help thinking (between you and me and the lamp post) that we have all taken ourselves tremendously seriously—which is always a mistake. We stirred ourselves up into a fine and unjustifiable frenzy. It might have been a Presidential election that we were cherishing, rather than the mere first production of a new French play, by a young French author, that had made its appeal to Paris. Our eyes rolled; we felt that the fate of empires depended upon our decision. We were so important that the outsiders (and you can't realize how many outsiders there were) must have laughed at us.

Somebody at the Garden asked me what time the play began, and I have a dim recollection of answering "A quarter to Cyrano de Bergerac." It was in Philadelphia, where I was rushed Tuesday afternoon, that the first relaxation came. Somehow or other I expected to find the Quaker City atmosphere surcharged with "Cyrano de Bergerac." I imagined that I should see groups of children playing at "Cyrano" in the streets; that the shops would be full of encaustic notes for sale at easy prices, and that the leading hotel would have changed its title to "Cyrano."

The disenchantment came quickly. Nobody seemed to know even the name of

the play that was current at the Chestnut Street Opera House. And when I met a theatrical man who said to me, "What have you come for?" (with a nasty emphasis on the "for") I took the first step down from my perch.

Popular Ignorance.

I don't believe that one-tenth of the audience in the Chestnut Street Opera House had ever heard of "Cyrano de Bergerac" before Tuesday night. Half the audience laughed at the remark of a man who sat in front of me. This artless Philadelphia, after having gazed in utter perplexity at Charles Richman-Cyrano, remarked to his neighbor in a very loud voice, full of amazement and disgust: "Say, Bill, what a h— of a note that fellow has!"

That settled it for me. "Go lightly, old chap," I said to myself. "Life may be real, life may be earnest, but I really don't believe that 'Cyrano de Bergerac' is its goal. Come down from the clouds and look the situation easily in the face—I mean in the nose. Take a rest yourself, and give one to the bland and ingenious public."

Two clever gentlemen, Richard Mansfield and Augustin Daly, took hold of "Cyrano de Bergerac," and each looked at it with his own particular eye. We none of us see anything exactly alike, you know. If we did, there wouldn't be much fun living. Mr. Mansfield saw in it a splendid opportunity for himself—Cyrano being the "star" part, and a veritable Hamlet in importance. Mr.

Daly, who gazes at everything through the mist of Ada Rehan's wigs, decided that Roxane was the main feature of the poem, inasmuch as nearly all the "principals" in the cast loved her. A woman who can compel the idolatry of several men must indeed be an exceedingly attractive and fascinating siren.

Other managers threatened (before "Cyrano" was produced) to cast their eyes at it. William A. Brady was prominently mentioned among the threateners. Mr. Brady, who is an astute manager, with Barnum-like ideas, will take yet another view of "Cyrano de Bergerac." He will improve upon it by probably giving us two Cyranoes and three Roxanes, and he may equip the hero not only with a mammoth nose, but with a mastodon pair of ears. The point of view is everything, you know. Consequently, I say "Avant!" to all seriousness. Life is too short. We might go on wallowing in seriousness until we fell exhausted by the wayside, and still nothing would be settled satisfactorily.

Two Cyranoes Compared.

Neither Richard Mansfield nor Charles Richman is the ideal Cyrano. The former is a cunning character actor, famous for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," full of talent, but quite devoid of poetry; the latter is an able, romantic young leading man, who has been taught by Mr. Daly to do his work unobtrusively, so as not to interfere with Miss Ada Rehan. Mr. Mansfield, recently gave us the unadorned "Cy-

rano," because there was no reason on earth why he shouldn't do so, as he was the Cyrano. Mr. Daly cut and slashed at it, as he has cut and slashed at Shakespeare. He "fixed it up" for Miss Rehan, even putting into her mouth Cyrano's definition of a kiss. But it is very late in the day for anybody to find fault with Daly for editing masterpieces. If Mr. Daly is to be hauled over the coals for Rehanizing Rostand, then what will the critics of New York and London, who have raved over his Shakespearean productions, do to square themselves? Of course Rostand is alive, and Shakespeare isn't, but what is pardoned on account of the dead poet must also be pardoned on account of the live one.

Mr. Mansfield surrounded himself so completely with pomp and glitter and Kirafray-like color that there was scarcely room for the gaunt, pathetic, long-nosed, romantic Cyrano. He was subjected to no supervision. He strutted among the mob of supers, and we watched him dry-eyed and unamused. Some of Cyrano's long speeches were masterfully spoken, but Mansfield was too much monarch of all he surveyed to pay much attention to mere paths. Mr. Daly's zeal in Miss Rehan's cause induced him to tone down his Cyrano. The consequence was that Charles Richman had nothing to do but act. He had fewer long speeches to utter; he was made to know that his second fiddle to Miss Rehan's first violin, and, unconsciously, he was simple, unaffected, easy, intelligible and nearer to

the Rostand model than Mansfield. It is good for an actor to know occasionally that he is not the whole earth. Probably if Mr. Richman had been a star actor, like Mansfield, he would have done precisely as Mansfield did. But I always believe that we get the best results from a leading man and not from a star.

The Ideal Roxane.

Probably the ideal Roxane would be Julia Marlowe, whose plaintive beauty and flamboyant girlishness might have been invented for the role. Still, Miss Rehan was charming enough in her own high-and-mighty, delicately lofty way. Mr. Daly was a bold, bad man to shear away Cyrano's speeches so that his feminine star could usurp anything, and, having been for years one of a company the discipline of which is undeniable, she was not unduly conspicuous, nor would you have known if you hadn't been a critic whose duty it is to dissect—that Mr. Daly was pushing the heroine forward and the hero backward.

Miss Anglin at the Garden was not beautiful enough to justify the idolatrous admiration of Cyrano, the Comte de Guiche and Christian de Neuvilette. One must have a few illusions in such a case. The fascination of Miss Rehan that resists the advent of years, the peculiar charm of her manner and the insinuating music of her voice made Roxane distinctly intelligible. Mr. Daly gave her all the emphasis that she needed—bold, bad man—and she won us, though, of course, we should have been watching Cyrano.

In the balcony scene, the most partial of Mansfield's adherents must admit that the Daly version was more poetic, more atmospheric, daintier than that at the Garden. It was the Roxane that dominated this scene in Philadelphia—a Roxane not unduly impassioned, but arch, frolicsome and captivating. As she leaned from the balcony into the darkness that enshrouded her lover, and her lover's pathetic prompter, you were stirred and charmed.

At the Garden, the Roxane scarcely interested you, but instead you were smiling at the burlesque idea of Christian making love with Cyrano's words. Mansfield was the centre of attraction, and this would have been well enough if he could have blown a little fluffy romance into the situation. This he failed to do. He was very earnest, very bitter, very character-actorish. Richman was comparatively unimportant, a humble romance-broaching Miss Rehan was everything, and I submit that in the case of a moonlight balcony scene poetry rests more lightly upon the shoulders of a woman than upon those of a man. In "Romeo and Juliet," it is Juliet who dominates the balcony scene, in spite of the immortal words that Romeo utters. Any attempt to placate Romeo would fall miserably.

The Annoying Supers.

Aside from the Rehan and Mansfield points of view, "Cyrano" seemed simpler in Philadelphia because it had better actors and fewer supers. I can never endure "super" scenes. They invariably bring the purest poetry into prose. Whenever a super says "Ha! Ha!" all illusion drops, and there is always a certain pathos about the smiles and the groans of these worthy, hard working people. The mob on the stage at the Garden quite spoiled the magnificent entrance, or first appearance, of Cyrano. This should have been very striking and audacious. You should have seen Cyrano for the first time with a shock, as he stood towering above the others, with a "monstrous horridness," and a "no terrible," but you did nothing of the sort.

However—with your kind permission, ladies and gentlemen, as the vaudevillians say—I'll drop "Cyrano" and merely hope that it won't cause international disturbance, or even civil war. After all, it is merely a case of long nose and martyrdom, delightful to read, less interesting to see. I'll reserve myself for the Weber & Fields burlesque, in which there will be none—I mean no complication. Can you wait?

ALAN DALE.

WIT AND HUMOR IN THIS WEEK'S PLAYS.

Some of the Epigrams and Humorous Sayings Heard in the Various Theatres About Town.

"A Brace of Partridges."

YOUTH and innocence sees the world truthful and beautiful, but when old crooks a man's back and bows his head he somehow looks underneath things and he doesn't take such a high view of the world.

It's easy enough to get married—the difficulty is to live afterward.

"The Liars."

The one cruel fact about heroes is that they are made of flesh and blood.

The thinner the ice the more delicious the fun.

Love me! love me! love me!

You are very foolish!

Foolish to love you?

No, not foolish to love me. I like you for that. But foolish to love me so foolishly.

All women are married to men who are utterly unworthy of them—bless 'em! All women are undervalued by their husbands—bless 'em! All women are misunderstood—bless 'em again!

Marriages are made in heaven, and if once we set to work to repair celestial mistakes and indiscretions we shall have our hands full.

A secret Haison . . . means in the end every inconvenience and disadvantage of marriage without any of its conveniences and advantages. It means endless discomfort, worry and alarm. It means constant

sneaking and subterfuges of the paltriest, pettiest kind.

You've stuck yourself on a pedestal and put a moral toga on. That's awkward. It wants such a lot of living up to.

When a woman holds us by a single hair, not all the king's horses and all the king's men can drag us back to that beggarly, dusty old towpath of duty.

Love is the sauce of life—but don't dish it up too often or too strong.

A philanthropist may not elope. A tenor may. Doesn't it show the terrible irony there is in the heart of things, that the best meaning philanthropist in the world may not elope with his neighbor's wife?

Love the men, worship 'em, make the most of 'em! Go down on your knees every day and thank God for having sent them into this dreary world for our good and comfort. But don't break your heart over 'em! Don't ruin your career for 'em! Don't lose a night's rest for 'em. They're not worth it—except one!

People are always so horrid who do things with a purpose.

The only objection to telling fibs is that you get found out. Not if you arrange things not perhaps exactly as they were, but as they ought to have been. In that way a lie becomes a sort of idealized and essential truth.

The curious thing is that ever since the days of the Garden of Eden women have had a knack of impaling honorable men on dilemmas where the only alternative is to be false to the truth or false to them.

When a man has married a charming woman, if he doesn't continue to make love to her some other man will!

I think you're the most horrid man I ever met.

Because I've told you the truth.

It is perplexing to know precisely how to handle a wife.

Perplexing? It's a d—e—d silly riddle—without any answer!

The more innocent the flirtation the larger the latitude the lady allows herself.

"The Adventure of Lady Ursula."

Ah! make as many vows to women as you like, but none about them. . . . Because the keeping of the first depends on your own mind and the keeping of the second depends mainly on theirs.

There is no virtue where there is no temptation. And where there is temptation there remains very little virtue.

You'd shoot your own brother—If he spoke ill of a lady I affected. Or if he affected a lady you spoke ill of. Or if a lady you affected, affected him.

Death is to marriage as the coup de grace to slow torture.

Marriage is of divine foundation. . . . Maybe. But when a building is complete the foundations are not visible.

Have you read the story of Bluebeard? . . . A wise man, but given to repeating hopeless experiments.

Seeing is believing, but dreaming off is—loving? Ay, and loving dreaming.

Pray, do ladies usually scrutinize gentlemen's clothes to see whether they fit? Only when the gentleman is inside them as a rule.

A slur on a man's company is a slur on his friends, and a slur on a man's friends is a slur on a man himself.

Description of a Squire—One eye admires his fellow so intemperately that it is ever trying to see it through her nose.

"Hotel Topsy Turvy."

Let's hire a hall where there's no chairs, and we'll play to standing room only.

I boiled these eggs twenty minutes and they ain't soft yet.

Has the husband no rights? Yes, if he can find them.

PLAYS, PLAYERS AND PLAYHOUSES.

Viola Allen and "The Christian" the Big Novelty To-morrow Night.

By William M. Dunlevy.

Just why and how Mr. Frohman, Mr. Daly, and the other bright-browed managers, who are alleged by their press agents to sit up late of nights giving their thoughts to the preparation of plans for pleasing the public, permitted the opportunity of securing the stage rights to Hall Caine's largely successful book, "The Christian," to escape them is something that is not known. Certainly the possibilities for the profitable exploitation of a play which should tell effectively the story of Glory Quayle and John Storm were so plain that the proposition did not require specially thoughtful consideration. But none of the managers availed themselves of the chance, and their neglect gave opportunity to a newcomer in the field of management. A year ago Mr. Liebler, the financial promoter of the production of Mr. Caine's play was a lithographer, whose connection with the drama, and whose ideas of art were represented by huge squares of brightly colored advertisements pasted on dead walls and hung in shop windows. Practically, in a night he became one of our most important theatrical entrepreneurs, for the initial performance of "The Christian" at Albany a fortnight ago established the play as a remarkable success, which will please the masses as well as the classes, and will endure for a long time. It also made Miss Viola Allen—that Dame Durdent of the drama—an accepted star. In Washington and Providence, the former a good and the latter a poor "show town," both play and star have realized remarkable results, from both the artistic and the monetary view points. The stage version

differs somewhat from the book story in its characters and motives, the love of Glory and John being made more prominent than the religious interest. John Storm is shown more as a passionate man than as a religious enthusiast and Glory as ambitious and slightly frivolous, but morally strong.

"The Christian" is presented in a prologue and four acts. The scene of the prologue is laid on the Tilling ground in the ruins of Peel Castle, Isle of Man. Here Glory rejects John Storm, and expresses her intention of going to London as a hospital nurse. Storm, a disappointed man, declares he will take church orders. Two years elapse. The first act shows the saloon of the Coliseum Music Hall in London, where a party is celebrating the success of Glory's debut as a music hall singer. John Storm, now a clergyman, comes to find her enjoying the festivities. He urges her to give up her life on the stage and the friends who then surround her. She refuses. The second act occurs in the clubroom of St. Mary Magdalene's Church, in Soho, one of the shams of London, which has been established by John Storm, who is informed by the "Faro King" and Lord Robert Ure that Horatio Drake, Glory's patron, has bought the church to extend the music hall to further Glory's career. Storm orders them from the church and prevents an attack on them by his people.

The third act is said to be the most stirring of all. It occurs in Glory's apartments in "The Garden House," Clement's Inn. She and her friends have returned from the Derby Day races. Horatio Drake and Lord Ure quarrel over John Storm, and the party breaks up. The angry shouts of a mob are heard pursuing John Storm because of predictions of the coming of the end of the world, falsely credited to him through the conspiracy of Lord Ure, who desires to drive him from London. Storm cries to Glory to let him in. She does so, and finds him wrought up to a pitch of murderous fury through his jealousy of the attentions of Drake. To save her from the moral destruction which he believes inevitable from

her associations, he has determined to kill her.

The fourth act reverts to the scene of the second act, the clubroom of John Storm's church. He is repudiated by his people, given twenty-four hours to leave London by Lord Robert, who threatens him with scandal; denounced by Archdeacon Wealthy, defended by Glory and presented with his church by Horatio Drake, who had bought it to aid Glory in her career on the stage. Glory takes her place by his side as a worker in the London slums.

To-morrow night the play will be introduced at the Knickerbocker Theatre, where it can remain for five weeks only. In support of Miss Allen as Glory there will be this cast:

John Storm	Edward J. Morgan
Lord Robert	John Mason
Horatio Drake	John Mason
Archdeacon Wealthy	George Woodward
Patron Caine	George Woodward
Patron Caine	George Woodward
Patron Caine	George Woodward
Patron Caine	George Woodward
Patron Caine	George Woodward
Patron Caine	George Woodward

Miss Allen will show in the first act a seaside costume which will be extensively copied next Summer—a stocking cap, a man-knit "jersey," a sea coat, sea boots and a short skirt.

Already Joseph Jefferson has encompassed the span of life which the ancient men of wisdom and authority named as the allotted period of human existence. But he defies the decaying influences of time, and his activities do not grow less. He comes to the Fifth Avenue Theatre to-morrow night for a brief stay. Will he appear in any new characters while he will not, there? someone may ask. No, he will not, and it is extremely improbable that he will ever undertake to "recreate"—that is the term which actors like and audiences understand when a new part is mentioned—any new roles during the years that it is hoped he does not seem to be any desire on the part of the public for him to

identify himself with any new work. His Bob Acres, Rip Van Winkle and Caleb Plummer have become accepted institutions of the playhouse, and the theatres in which he appears in his short tours are seldom large enough to hold the throngs who visit them on those occasions. "The Rivals" is the play with which he will begin his term at the Fifth Avenue. Added interest is given to the presentation of this play by the first appearance in New York of Messrs. Otis Skinner and Wilton Lackaye as Captain Absolute and Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and of the Misses Ffolliott Paget and Elsie Leslie as Mrs. Malaprop and Lydia Langgusht respectively. After "The Rivals" will come "Rip."

Where the Plays Are Changed Frequently.

That remarkably realistic drama, "The Sign of the Cross," which Broadway rejected two seasons ago, is to be revived at the Fourteenth Street Theatre to-morrow night. It has been seen there frequently, and it has been acclaimed by the human and impulsive beings who make up the bulk of Manager Rosenquest's persistent patronage as a marvellously moving play. Odd, isn't it, that the first theatre in New York at which this religious play secured a widespread and lasting popularity should have for its manager a man who was named John Wesley, as Mr. Rosenquest was and is? Charles Dalton and Irene Rooke remain in the band of the drama, a new member of which is Maude Warrlow, the boy martyr Stephanus of the cast.

Ministry is to have its innings at the Grand Opera House, which popular playhouse William H. West will bring his black-faced brigade to-morrow night and linger for a week. Besides Mr. West such capable entertainers as Ezra Kendall, Carroll Johnson, Tom Lewis, R. J. Jose, H. W. Frillman, Clement Stewart, McMahon and King, Joseph Garland and the Fresno Brothers are in the band.

Odell Williams has wearied of the comparative idleness of vaudeville, and has returned to the more congenial character of Squire Bartlett in "Way Down East." With Phoebe Davies, that choice product of generous California, they will present Parker's story of life on a farm at the Harlem Opera House in the week which begins to-morrow night. The weather sharp has promised to provide them with

Continued on Page Thirty-four.

Amusements.

14TH STREET THEATRE. Corner 8th ave. J. WESLEY ROSENQUEST, Manager. NO ADVANCE IN PRICES. TO-MORROW NIGHT, **THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.** Wilson Barrett's remarkable religious drama depicting the persecution of the early Christians in the days of Nero. A strong attraction that is indorsed by the clergy and non-theatre-goers. It depicts in a graphic and intensely interesting manner the scenes and incidents of his-

tory familiar to the readers of QUO VADIS. Presented with all the magnificent scenery and costumes used in the great London production. Wm. Greef's London company, including CHAS. DALTON.

Management Chas. Frohman and Frank W. Sanger.

THREE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

Amusements.

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE. 8th ave. and 38th at AL HAYMAN & CO., PROPRIETORS. EVENINGS AT 8:15. MATINEES AT 2:15. TO-MORROW (MONDAY) EVE. **VIOLA ALLEN** AS GLORY QUAYLE IN HALL CAINE'S PLAY. **THE CHRISTIAN** ENGAGEMENT OF

Madison Square Garden. Open 10:30 a. m. to 10:30 p. m. Every Lady Who Buys a Ticket Gets a Souvenir Worth Having. COOKING LECTURES 2:30 P. M. Every Day. Admission 25 Cents.

Amusements.

EMPIRE THEATRE. Broadway and 40th st. Evenings 8:15. Matinees 2:15. CHARLES FROHMAN, Manager. 3D WEEK. "THE LIARS" HAS CAUGHT ON HERE AS IT DID IN LONDON.—HERALD. JOHN DREW'S GREATEST TRIUMPH AND ANOTHER EMPIRE SUCCESS. MR. CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS **MR. JOHN DREW** IN **THE LIARS.** By Henry Arthur Jones. "DON'T TALK TO ME OF THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL! ANY MORE. HERE'S SOME THING MORE MODERN AND BETTER."—ALAN DALE. PERFORMANCE IS A CREDIT TO MR. FROHMAN'S THEATRE AND TO THE AMERICAN STAGE.—TIMES. PRETTY AT POINTS A CHARMING AND ALWAYS A VERY CLEVERLY MADE COMEDY.—HERALD. "HIT HIS MARK IN THE BULL'S-EYE FAIRLY AND SQUARELY.—SUN. "SPRITLIEST, MERRIEST, BRISKEST LINES YOU COULD WISH TO HEAR. EVERYBODY LAUGHS."—JOURNAL. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturday.

PASTOR'S Continuous Performances. DAILY FROM 12:30 TO 11 P. M. SEATS 20 AND 30 CENTS. **J. K. EMMETT.** In scenes from his plays, assisted by ANNA MORTLAND and LITTLE RUBY. **THE SIDMANS.** JACK EVERHART & Little West Simmons. Nellie Burr. Lawrence & Harrington. George E. Austin. McWaters & Tyron. Kelly & Reno. Stevens & Breen. Sunderland & Foods. The Caltons.

Amusements.

HERALD THEATRE. 30th st. and Broadway. Evenings 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:15. CHARLES E. EVANS, Proprietor. **A Great Big Laugh** **HOTEL TOSPY TURVY.** Nothing funnier on the stage.—Sun. Prices 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50. Seats secured 4 weeks in advance.

HURTIG & SEAMON'S HARLEM BALCONY. 25c. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15. **ISHAM'S OCTOORNS.** In their latest success, "RAG-TIME OPERA." GRAND SUNDAY CONCERT TO-NIGHT.

Amusements.

GARRICK THEATRE. 25th st. near B'way. Evenings 8:15. Saturday matinee. Hoyt & Lester, Lessees; Charles Frohman, Manager. **LAST TWO WEEKS.** "A GOOD LAUGH"—HERALD. **HOYT'S HAPPIEST HIT.** **THE FARCE TRIUMPH.** **A DAY AND A NIGHT.** 50th PERFE. OCT. 19. SOUVENIRS. THE CAST INCLUDES MR. OTIS HARLAN. A PERFECT WHIRL OF FUN. EXTRA. MONDAY, OCTOBER 24. First appearance of **ANNIE RUSSELL.** Since her great London success, MR. CHARLES FROHMAN WILL PRESENT ANNIE RUSSELL AND FRANK WORTHINGTON. JOSEPH HOLLAND, W. J. LE MOYNE, J. H. SAVILLE, ROBERT HICKMAN, ELSIE DE WOLFE, SARAH J. COWLEY, MOYNE, ETHEL BARRYMORE, MAY BUCKLEY AND OTHERS. In a new comedy entitled **CATHERINE.** By Henry Lawford. Seats ready Oct. 20th. Mail orders received. Evenings 8:15. Wed. and Sat. Mat. 2:15.

BIJOU. **SAM.** **THE FUNNY EVERY MINUTE.** **BERNARD MICHAM.** **ALICE ATHERTON.** **HEAR HER SING LAZY BILL.** **METROPOLIS.** 142nd st. & 3d ave. Evenings 8:15. Wed. & Sat. Mat. 2:15. "THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE." SACRED CONCERT TO-NIGHT.

Amusements.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Manager, Mr. Andrew A. McCormick. Evenings 8:15. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2:15. "The Little Corporal" is loaded to the neck with good things.—Evening Telegram. **FOURTH RECORD BREAKING WEEK.** **FRANCIS WILSON AND COMPANY.** In Smith and Englander's New Comic Opera, **THE LITTLE CORPORAL.** THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PRODUCTION OF THE SEASON. **ADMISSION 25c. SUNDAYS.** **NEW WAR GROUPS TO-DAY.** **EDEN MUSEE.** **ALL THE WAR HEROES.** The Wonderful Hungarian Gypsy Music This Aft. and Eve. **CINEMATOGRAPH WAR SCENES.** TO-DAY AT 3 O'CLOCK ONLY. **PEOPLE'S** A Great Sensational Drama. Reserved seats, 25 & 50 cents. Gallery, 15 cents.

Amusements.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th St. and Irving Pl. E. G. Gilman & Eugene Tompkins, Proprietors. **PRICES, 25, 50, 75, 1.00.** WITHOUT AN EQUAL IN THE MELODRAMATIC WORLD. **SPORTING LIFE.** By Cecile Raleigh and Seymour Hicks. Management Jacob Litt. **20 HORSES AND 200 PEOPLE** IN THE GREAT **DERBY RACE SCENE.** A PART OF THE GREAT CAST: Ella Peterson, George Wood, Charles Walcott, H. A. Roberts, W. J. Colford, Jeanette Lovrie, Marie Cahill, and Robert O'Halloran. **MATS. WED. & SAT. 2. EVE. 8:15.** **EXTRA** **TO-NIGHT** **GRAND RUSSIAN CONCERT.** By Mrs. M. M. MEDVEDOFF. Assisted by Mme. H. Diamant, soprano; Mr. M. Altschuler, cellist; Mr. Eugene Bernstein, pianist. A GRAND CHORUS OF SIXTY. **POPULAR PRICES.** **Brooklyn Amusements.** **PARK WEEK OCT. 10.** The Laughing Success of Two Continents. **"CONFUSION."** SOUVENIR MATINEE WEDNESDAY.